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SELECTED TALES.

LAME FOR LIFE: OR, LESLIE PIERPOINT.

A Tale in Two Parts.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM.

PART II.

"Love knows no rank—beauty
Beauty is aristocracy—birth, lineage and blood.
"Love ne'er broke a heart,
Love ne'er could mend."

It was on a cold, bleak evening in au-
tumn, that Leslie Pierpoint, as described
in Part First of our tale, sat in his arm-
chair in his comfortable library, with his
feet buried in a thick rug of Angola fleece
—a cheerful fire glowing in the grate; a
round stand with the tea-tray at his left
elbow; and a large table covered with
magazines, papers, &c., &c., on his right
hand. He was alone. The rich, crimson
curtains, drawn closely across the deep
windows with the comfortable air of the
whole room, gave indication that the oc-
cupant loved his ease, and was that even-
ing disposed to enjoy it.

Twenty years had passed since Leslie's
affaire du cœur with Clara Clayton. With
her treachery expired his confidence in the
sex. In vain had the lovely, gay and
fashionable women thrown their gilded
nets. In every one of the fair fishers he
had seen a cousin german to Clara, and
warily shunned the danger. Thus had he
reached forty-one years of age with the
full consent of all his friends, male and fe-
male, that he should remain a bachelor
for life. And to all appearances such
seemed to be the settled destiny of Leslie
Pierpoint. He himself had no more
thoughts of committing matrimony than
suicide. He never spoke to any woman
save his washerwoman and linen semp-
stress. His mother had been several
years dead, and he lived alone—a bachel-
or! the victim of a heartless woman's
treachery.

He now sat gazing into the fire with a
cup of tea in his hand, and which he seem-
ed to have forgotten that he held. The
State House clock tolled seven and he
started, laid down his cup and saucer, and
rung the bell. It was immediately an-
swered by a very gentlemanly African
servant in grey clothes with bright steel
buttons, red cravat, and shoes with old
fashioned paste buckles in them.

"Cato."

"Sar, massa?"

"Have my new linens come home yet?"

"No, massa, not yet."

"They were to be here at six. Go and
see that they are sent in time to pack in-
to my trunks to-night, for we must start
for New York early."

"Yes, massa," said Cato, with a grace-
ful bow, and was in the act of leaving the
room to obey his master's orders, when a
ringing at the street door bell arrested him.

"I guess dem is de sharts now, massa."

"Go and see, and show the woman up."

Cato left the room, while Leslie took up
the evening paper. Directly the servant
reappeared, ushering in a very modest
young girl, coarse in her dress, but of ex-
traordinary beauty. She was scarcely
seventeen, yet the womanly outline and
youthful roundness of her sylph-like fig-
ure were perfect. Her complexion was
very brilliant; her cheeks blushed with
diffidence and beauty; her eyes were
large, blue and melting in their own ceru-
lean heaves; her lips ripe and full, and
her chin voluptuously rounded, yet most
exquisitely turned. Native grace was in
every movement she made. Her dress
was of very plain calico, and she wore a
common straw hat with a long green veil.
In her hands she carried two bundles, very
neatly done up in white paper.

"De sharts come," said Cato, making a
low bow to Leslie's back. "Here de young
woman wid 'em."

"Very well, Cato; remove the tea-tray.
I will ring for you to show the woman out
soon as I have settled with her."

"Yes, massa," and the black, taking the
tray in his hands, cast a glance, first at the
beautiful face of the young girl, then over
his shoulder at his master, and, gravely
shaking his grey pate, left the library.—
Leslie completed the paragraph he was
reading, and then, lifting his face and
looking into the fire, but without turning
round, said in the low, pleasant voice nat-
ural to him:

"So, my good woman, you have bro't
the sharts. They have come an hour later
than you promised them, but I suppose
you are very much hurried with work.—
They are in plenty time, however. Be so
kind as to undo the package and let me see
one of them."

For a few moments there was no sound
in the room but the snapping of strings,
as they were untied by the busy fingers of
the linen-drawer's maid, and the rattling of
the strong paper covering the linens.—
At length a shirt, white as the drifted
snow and beautifully done up, was hesi-
tatingly advanced over his shoulder, so as
to intercept his vision.

He took it, and after carefully examin-
ing it (old bachelors are very particular in
this matter) with an appearance of satis-
faction, admiring the stitching of the
wristbands, the French style of the
sleeves, and the neatness of the bosom
folds, he laid it down beside him where
the tea-tray had stood.

"Well, my good woman, I am pleased
with them. They are very neatly made.
Please let me see your bill." And he turned
his head slightly back to receive it.

The young girl embarrassed by his
mode of addressing her, and abashed at
his presence, timidly stretched forth her
hand containing the bill.

"Nearer, woman, nearer. I cannot
reach it."

Agitated by his voice, she thrust her arm
forward quickly and he rec'd in his grasp
her hand as well as bill. The sight and
touch of the soft, white member, thrilled
through him. He started, blushed, rose
from his chair, and to his surprise discov-
ered that he had been all the while talking
to one of the loveliest girls of seventeen he
had ever seen, instead of an old woman,
whom he supposed was the bearer of his
linens.

"Pardon me, Miss—I beg pardon," said
the Major embarrassed, "I thought you
were your mother."

"I have no mother, sir," said the pretty
maiden, with a drooping eyelid.

"I beg pardon! Sit down! No, you
may stand! Upon my word, you are very
beautiful." The Major hardly knew what
he said.

"Sir, the bill if you please," said the
maiden, confused, her bright, intelligent
face suffused with crimson.

"Oh, ah! sit down if you please! no—
stand up; no, no, no! sit down!" Poor
Major Pierpoint!

"No, I thank you, sir."

"What a sweet voice," soliloquized the
Major to himself. "No mother!"

"No sir," with a musical sadness in her
voice, touching as it was natural.

"No father?" asked the Major with as
much delicacy as he could put the ques-
tion.

"No, sir."

"No brothers, neither, I dare say."

"No, sir."

"Nor sisters, either?"

"No, sir."

"Ho! bah, hem!"

And the Major, having finished cate-
chizing her, put his hands behind his back
and looked steadily in the grate for full
a minute, his lips compressed, his brow
set and thoughtful.

"If you please, sir, the bill is waiting."

The Major started at the sound of the
sweet voice as if he had been clapped on
the shoulder.

"Oh, ah! I beg your pardon. Let me
see—six linen shirts—five dollars each—
thirty dollars—all right." And the Major
looked up from the bill into her face. He
felt a delight he could not account for in
gazing upon its sweet beauty. She was
confused by his ardent look, and became
still more beautiful by her sweet confu-
sion. With instinctive delicacy he with-
drew his gaze, and a sigh, the first he had
felt for twenty years escaped him. A
gentle sadness at the same time over-
spread his fine features. Again he look-
ed into her face, but with an expression
that she did not shrink from, and said
kindly, touchingly,

"So then, sweet child, you are an or-
phan?" "Yes, sir."

"Your name?"

"Mary Lee."

"A pretty name."

"Sir, I have another errand to go—if
you will please pay the bill for my mis-
tress."

"Oh, ah! yes, the bill. Thirty dollars.
Here is a check for the amount."

"I thank you, sir," said Mary, curtesy-

ing with a grace that charmed him, and
turning to leave.

"Stay, Mary—that is, Miss Lee," said
Leslie, following her a step and speaking
with amusing hesitation. The linen-draw-
er's maiden had, however, reached the
door and placed her hand upon the lock.
She was evidently alarmed and surprised,
and seemed uncertain whether to take
the gentleman's manner as rudeness or
as an uncommon degree of civility. She
could not help thinking that he was a very
handsome man, if he was an old bachelor,
and she felt pleased rather than offended
at this evidence of the triumph of beauty.
For Mary Lee well knew she had beauty,
and what pretty Miss of seventeen is ig-
norant of this possession?

"Stay, if you please, one moment, Miss
Lee," said Leslie.

"Indeed, sir, it is late."

"But one moment. Are you an appren-
tice with Miss Phelps, the linen-drawer?"

"Yes, sir," and Mary turned the lock of
the door.

The Major laid his hand lightly upon
her wrist.

"Excuse me, Miss Lee! One more
question! But the maiden, with a pleas-
ant laugh, threw off his hand and bound-
ed through the open door into the hall.—
Cato was in waiting.

"Ah, Cato," said the Major, with as
much coolness as he could summon at this
crisis, "you save me the trouble of ring-
ing. Show this young woman out."

"Yes, sar," said Cato.

Major Pierpoint lingered an instant in
his door to follow with his eye the reced-
ing form of the maiden, as with a light,
graceful trip she followed the dignified
Cato to the street door. He then re-entered
his library, and after pacing his room
two or three times as if his thoughts were
in a tumult, he suddenly stopped before
his mirror and looked at himself. After a
brief and satisfied survey of his fine face
and person he walked to the fire, folded
his hands behind his back, and stood and
looked into the grate with a thoughtful
brow.

"Well Leslie Pierpoint, after remaining
bachelor twenty years, thou art at last
captured by a linen-drawer's 'prentice!"

"Tis true, and pity 'tis too true! Leslie
Pierpoint, thou art false to thyself! But
what a soft, sweet hand! How could I
help taking it if she would thrust it into
mine? But, poor child, I suppose I had
frightened her by calling her an old wo-
man, and she scarcely knew what she
was about! Old woman? A youthful
divinity! What heavenly blue eyes!—
What a sweet round bust! What an ex-
quisite waist, the charms of which even
her coarse dress could not conceal! And
her foot, so petite and delicately turned!
How rich were the tones of her voice!—
How enchanting her smile! Ah, Leslie
Pierpoint, thou art in love with a 'prentice
maiden! At forty years thou art be-
come a fool! Yes, I am a fool! What
have I to do with the sex? Have I not a
lasting feud with it? Ah, let me not for-
get Clara Clayton! Remember her, and
so forget this pretty maiden, for she be-
longs to the same false-hearted sex!"

Thus soliloquized Major Pierpoint, and
turning from the fire, he walked his room
some time with a thoughtful brow. All at
once he stopped and pulled his bell with
an emphasis. Cato made his instant ap-
pearance.

"Sar, massa."

"Bring me my boots."

"What massa say?"

"Bring me my boots," repeated Leslie,
more decidedly.

The black left the room with an inquir-
ing look, as much as to ask what could
take his master out on such an evening.

"Yes, I will do it, I will learn all about
her! Such beautiful teeth! Such a
bright, intelligent, sensible face! Such in-
nate high breeding!"

Cato brought the boots, and in a few
moments afterwards the Major had ex-
changed his evening home costume for
boots, overcoat and hat.

"My stick, Cato."

"Yes, sar," answered the black with dil-
ating eyes, as he handed the gold-headed
Indian cane.

"I shall return in an hour, Cato," he
said, as his wondering servant showed
him out of the street door.

"Yes, sar," and Cato closed the door on
his master.

"Now, if massa Pierpoint hant a loss
his seventeen senses, den heabenly marcy
neber gave Cato any. De fus time I ebber
know him go out after him once take his
boot off! Sometime ticklar he going to
happ'n for sartain! No extraordinary cir-
cumstances take massa Pierpoint out dis
cool evening. I mus feel werry pertick-
ler distress if as how any ting superstitious
occur."

Thus commented honest Cato upon this
unusual step of his master's whose gener-

al habits were so regular that each day he
went through the same routine of eating,
sleeping, smoking, reading, and walking
or riding. He had never gone out in an
evening before. Cato had cause, there-
fore, for marvel; and leaving him to his
conjectures on his motive for the strange
movement on the part of his master, we
will follow him on his expedition. The
evening was clear but cold and windy,
and he wrapped his coat closer about his
person, as he entered Chestnut street from
Sixth, and took his way past the hotel and
theatre which were brilliant with lamps,
and gay and lively with the moving
things about their doors. Headless of
these, he kept on until he came to Third
Street, which he followed north for a few
doors, where he stopped beneath a lamp
and turned back the cape of his surtout,
arranged his slightly awry cravat, and
made such other little toilet reparations
as young gentlemen are accustomed to do
before going into a house to pay a visit to
ladies. Having fixed himself to his satis-
faction, though without a mirror, (men of
taste are a glass to themselves!) he walk-
ed more deliberately onward and entered
a door over which hung a sign reading
"MRS. PHELPS' GENTLEMEN'S LINEN
STORE."

A very pleasant looking widow-like per-
son presided in the brilliantly lighted shop
behind the counter, while there were
glimpses of two or three girls at their
work in the rear room, and a little old wo-
man in spectacles tying up bundles—
doubtless the identical "old woman"
whom the Major had imagined he was
talking to as the bearer of his package.

"Good evening Mrs. Phelps," said the
Major, politely.

"Ah, Major Pierpoint, good evening sir,"
said Mrs. Phelps with very great respect,
for the Major was a monied customer and
never disputed bills! "Lord me! I hope
you havn't come after the shirts!" she
said with apologetic volubility; "they've
been gone this halfhour! I was so hur-
ried, Major, I couldn't get them done at
the precise hour you ordered them, tho' I
know you are so very particular. But
never mind, as your black man
said you were going out of town early in
the morning, I despatched one of my ap-
prentices right off with 'em, knowing she
would go quicker than aunt Dolly here,
who is always mighty slow in cold weath-
er. If you come from home you ought to
had 'em there! If Mary has taken that
bundle of hemmed handkerchiefs to Miss
Clayton's first, I shall give her a good scold-
ing; for I told her, Major, particularly, to
go and leave your package first."

"Never mind all this, my good woman,"
exclaimed the Major as soon as he could
find an opening in her speech; "I have
received the shirts, and am very well sat-
isfied with them! They do you credit."

"Oh, I am glad to hear it. I thought
the child wouldn't disobey me, for she is
always so correct! Here she comes in
now! Ah, Mary, said Mrs. Phelps with a
good natured smile, "you like to have had
a scolding. So you took Major Pierpoint's
linens home safe?"

"Yes, aunt," answered Mary, blushing
and stammering at seeing Major Pierpoint
in the shop, while the Major himself, tak-
en by surprise at her sudden appearance,
colored like a school-boy; and scarce con-
scious of what he did, respectfully lifted
his hat, as with downcast eyes she tripped
past him to the rear of the shop. She
had let her bonnet fall carelessly back
from her head as she entered the shop,
and the bright light of the gas-burners
flashing upon her forehead, revealed more
clearly the radiant beauty of her complex-
ion, and the exquisite loveliness of her
features. Her hair, which was the richest
shade of dark brown, was parted up
on her smooth forehead and lay on either
cheek, after the fashion of young maid-
ens of her age; behind, it was gathered
by her tasteful fingers into a neat braid,
the number of whose silken folds showed
the opulence and great length of this glo-
rious ornament of woman.

She bent her head and blushed between
pleasure and shame at this distinguished
notice from Major Pierpoint, while Mrs.
Phelps looked from one to the other, with
a face on which wonder, curiosity and
suspicion were as plainly written as they
ever were on the face of woman. Leslie
saw instantly the position in which he
had placed himself, and with great pres-
ence of mind said, as if to excuse himself,
while he pursued at the same time the
main object he had in view—

"She is, I am told, an orphan, Mrs.
Phelps. I feel deep sympathy for or-
phans, particularly for young unprotected
females."

Mrs. Phelps' face immediately parted
with its combined expression, which was
replaced by that peculiar one which talk-
ative women always put on when they

have an opportunity of indulging their
propensity. "Ah, yes," she sighed, "ah,
dear yes, Major Pierpoint, she is indeed an
orphan. She is a good child, and has a
face that will be either the making or the
breaking of her. I feel towards her just
as if she was my own flesh and blood;—
though, between you and I Major, I am
neither kith nor kin to her or hers, though
I lets her call me aunt for affection-like."

"Who were her parents?" asked Major
Pierpoint, becoming deeply interested.

"Ah, me, it is sad story! I never tell it
but it makes me cry like a child," and
here Mrs. Phelps, in anticipation, applied
the corner of her apron to her dry eyes.

"Be so kind as to relate it, madam, if you
please. I shall listen to it with great
interest."

"Well you must know when I was
younger than I am now, and before dear
Fritz, my husband, died, we were living in
Boston, in quite respectable society, Fritz
keeping a thriving store, and I living a la-
dy, as it were, at home. But times is
changed since then; ah, me! Major Pier-
point. Well, don't you think, as I was
waiting tea one winter's night for Fritz,
the bell rung, and instead of my husband,
a man left a bottle of Champagne as he
said, telling the girl it was a pres-
ent for our wedding day, which was to be
on Saturday of the next week, sure enough
Major; we having then been married sev-
en years. Well, I told her to set the cham-
paigne basket down in the tea-room, and
soon afterwards Fritz came in. He was
delighted when I showed him the present,
and we both puzzled our heads to guess
what friend it came from; but we sat
down to the tea-table intending to open it
after we had finished tea. Mr. Phelps
was taking his second cup when we both
thought we heard a child cry right in the
room. We started, and both asked 'what
is that?' 'It must be the cat,' said Fritz,
and so we sat down again. We had not
taken two bites of toast before we were
startled by the loud shrill scream of an in-
fant. 'The champagne basket,' exclaimed
Fritz; 'it is in the champagne basket,'
I cried. 'It is a baby in the champagne
basket,' yelled the girl, letting fall the tea-
caddy."

Fritz sprang to the basket and cut the
cord with the table-knife, and sure enough
Major Pierpoint, there lay in the bottom
the beautifullest little female baby eyes ev-
er looked upon—the very same Mary Lee
you just now took off your hat to! Well,
to cut the story short, Fritz and I con-
cluded, after making all inquiries, and ad-
vertising it in vain, to adopt it, seeing as
how Providence had never blessed us with
any children, neither before nor since.—
So we took the dear infant as our own,
and to this day I have been as its own
mother to it, and she has been as an own
child to me. Ah, me! the cruel parents
that could desert such a sweet cherub. I
have never been sorry to this hour we
took the dear child. Oh, she has been a
blessing to me!"

"She would be a blessing to any body,"
said the Major warmly, his heart over-
running with emotion at her narration;
and his eyes unconsciously wandered to
the rear of the shop, where Mary sat quietly
sewing. He sighed, and then turning to
Mrs. Phelps, thanked her for her trouble
in narrating Mary's story.

"Not the least, Major, not the least! I
could tell it fifty times a day to such a list-
ener as you."

"You may send me half a dozen pairs
of gloves, handkerchiefs, and—and—"

Leslie hesitated, and then hastily added,
"any thing else in your shop you think I
would like."

"Oh, you are such a good customer, Major
Pierpoint," said the pleased landlady;
"I have just got in some new style India
cravats which I think will suit you. Shall
I send them to-night?"

"No, to-morrow at twelve."

"But you leave town to-morrow."

"Oh, true—true, I had forgotten. But
never mind, madam, send them up, I
think I shall be at home—yes, I am sure,
quite sure I shall be at home! I have
postponed my departure until the next
day."

"I will certainly send them."

The Major lingered an instant over the
glass case, and then buttoning up his over-
coat, prepared to go.

"Good evening, Mrs. Phelps."

"Good evening, sir."

"You will be sure and send them?"

"You shall not be disappointed, Ma-
jor."

"Very well."

Major Pierpoint then took three decid-
ed steps towards the door and then turn-
ed.

"Twelve o'clock, Mrs. Phelps."

"Yes, sir, they shall be there precisely
at the time."

The Major still did not move. There
was evidently something he wished to say

more, but was at a loss how to say it. All
at once he turned back to the counter.

"By-the-bye, Mrs. Phelps, you may, if
you please, let the same young person
bring them that took the luens. The old
woman, the last time she came, like to
have broke her neck by catching her foot
in the brass stair band. Beside she is as
deaf as a post."

"I will send Mary, then," said Mrs.
Phelps, smiling.

"You are very obliging, my dear mad-
am. Good evening." And Major Pier-
point walked out of the shop with a free,
light step, and a bland smile illumining his
handsome features.

Mrs. Phelps followed him with her eyes,
and then put on a very thoughtful look,
and for a few moments seemed to be com-
muning with her own mind. Suddenly
she laid one fore-finger down upon the
other with emphasis.

"Yes, 'tis clear as gas-light! I can see
as deep as some folks can. He is now
above forty, rich, respectable, and kind
and pleasant-hearted as a child, and Ma-
ry's beauty has evidently made an impres-
sion upon him. He is a bachelor, and old
bachelors often fall in love with young
girls! I do believe now, I think it all over,
he is in love with her. But then, he is
so rich and respectable! But Mary isn't
my daughter; how does he or anybody
know but she is respectable as he is him-
self! Plainly, there is something at the
bottom of all this. Major Pierpoint is too
honorable and moral for me to apprehend
any evil coming out of it. Mary shall go
up to-morrow, looking her best. Who
knows what may happen? The poor
child is not mine, but then I wish her to
do as well as she can. I wonder what he
said to her this evening. Mary, dear,
come here, child."

Mary came forward with a half-finished
linen collar in her hands.

"Well, dear, what did Miss Clayton say
to the handkerchiefs you took to her?"

"She said they were very neatly done,
but that the price was too high—and told
me she could not pay the bill unless you
took off the 'nineteen cents!'"

"How close some people are, especially
rich old maids that have once been beau-
ties! They have no children or husband
to pick or peck at, and so they must pick
and peck on those that have to do work
for em. She don't care about the nine-
teen cents—it's only to have something to
find fault with. To-morrow, at half
past eleven, you call there for the seven-
teen dollars, and let her have the nine-
teen cents, if it will do her temper any
good. Did Major Pierpoint appear dis-
pleased because I didn't get the shirts
there by six o'clock?"

Mary blushed, she knew not why, at
this common-place question, and looking
up and seeing her 'aunt's' eyes fixed in-
quiringly upon her face, she became too
confused to speak in reply—and, after one
or two attempts to answer, dropped her
head over the collar in her hand, as if
sewing it.

"What is the matter with the child?—
What did Major Pierpoint say to you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yes, m'm, here is the check he gave
me," Mrs. Phelps glanced at it.

"It's all right! Prompt pay—no nine-
teen cents to be cut off. But didn't he say
anything to you?"

Mary appeared still more confused.—
Her adopted mother looked at her steady-
ly though without displeasure for a few
seconds, then shook her head affirmativ-
ely, with a slight smile of self-satisfaction.
"Humph!" she said to herself, "I see how
it is! It has gone further than I thought.
He came here to-night for nothing else in
the world! Well, Mary, to-morrow, at 12
precisely, you must be at Major Pierpoint's
with them gloves, and handkerchiefs, and
silk stockings. You must start at half past
eleven, so as to call on the way on Miss
Clayton for the money for her bill. Why
do you blush so—are you afraid of Miss
Clayton?"

"No, aunt."

"Are you afraid of Major Pierpoint?"

"No, aunt."

"Very well, child, go to your sewing."

Mary bounded away lightly, and Mrs.
Phelps looked after her with a prideful
glance; "yes, if she is not foolish she has
her fortune made. I will say nothing to
her of my suspicions, but let her have her
own way. To talk to young ladies on
such a subject and try to guide and ad-
vise them, only makes puppets of them,
and destroys the natural character. Leave
Mary to her own native good sense and
unbiased feelings and she will be more
likely to please such a man as Major Pier-
point than if she practised the most con-
summate artifices."

With these sensible reflections, Mrs.
Phelps dropped the subject for that night.<

en, Mary Lee made her appearance in the shop from her little chamber over it, arrayed in a neat, black silk dress, with a pretty straw cottage, trimmed with a delicate blue ribbon, and her beautiful brown hair arranged with elegant simplicity. It had not been ten minutes since she left the shop to make this change in her appearance. Yet it was as complete as if five hours had been wasted before her little mirror. Can any female reader tell me why Mary paid such attention to her appearance? Mrs Phelps on seeing her, lifted up both hands, and an exclamation of surprise and displeasure was on the tip of her tongue! But some sudden reflection checked it on the verge of utterance, and dropping her hands, she said quietly and as if not noticing it—

"So, Mary, you are ready. Take the bundle and stop on the way at Miss Clayton's. Be sure you are at Major Pierpoint's when the clock strikes twelve."

"Yes, aunt," said Mary, hastening from the shop on her two-fold errand. As she passed up Chestnut street with her little bundle, the sparkling beauty of her face, her buoyant step and graceful motion, drew after her many admiring eyes. It so chanced that Leslie was returning from the Exchange reading-room, whither he walked every morning, and was standing on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut, conversing with several bachelor gentlemen, when Mary passed. She looked up, and seeing him, colored and dropped her head. Leslie did the same.

"A lovely creature," said one of the gentlemen; "I have seldom seen a sweeter face or figure. You know her, Major, by your mutual blushes," added he, smiling.

"I, gentlemen! oh, no," said the Major, confused.

"She is certainly extremely beautiful—See how free and light her step is!"

"Some pretty milliner, I dare say, said the Major, laughing. Good morning, gentlemen," and Leslie took his way home more than ever enchanted, deeper than ever in love! The quick, bright, eloquent, yet unintended glance he had received from her as she passed, kindled an imperishable flame in his bosom. He hastened homeward with anticipations of the delightful visit he was to receive at twelve o'clock.

Was Leslie Pierpoint really in love? did he resolve to pay his addresses to this beautiful girl? did he intend to ask her hand in marriage? did she fill the place in his heart which Clara Clayton had left void?

Yes. Mary soon reached Miss Clayton's door in the upper part of Chestnut street, near Ninth. It was one of the most imposing mansions in the street. Miss Clayton lived there with her old father—the two alone! For several years after freeing herself from Leslie, she lived in hopes of marriage, but in vain. The men were afraid of her. Her mortification when she found Leslie restored to perfect health knew no bounds. She had a secret hope that he would yet re-address her; but from that period she never received more than a cold and civil bow from him. She could have poisoned herself with vexation. But as years passed away, and she saw that he still remained unmarried, she consoled herself with the idea that she was the cause—and that he could never love any one as he had loved her. This devoted bachelorism was Clara's only and greatest consolation. It was a healing balm to her wounded spirit. So he married not, she felt she could forgive herself for her folly in not marrying him. It is true, she watched his course to forty with some anxiety, lest he might yet marry; when he passed that climax, she gave herself no further uneasiness, and rested in the conscious assurance of his eternal celibacy. This idea was the rainbow that spanned her darkened skies—the sweet in her bitter cup of life. But, alas! she was soon to see the rainbow disappear, and her horizon become dark with storms! Alas! she was to drink the remainder of the cup with additional bitterness mingled with its dregs.

She was seated in her usual sitting room when Mary arrived. Her hair was drawn back above her ears and tied untidily with a dirty yellow ribbon; she wore a loose wrapper, and her stocking feet were thrust into red slippers. Her fingers were loaded with rings, and ear drops hung from her ears. Her complexion was something coarser for the wear and tear of time, and had very plain traces of being now indebted to white paint and rouge, for whatever pretensions it claimed. Her forehead was crossed by horizontal impatient wrinkles, and a deep frown was cut between her eyebrows. She was thin about the breast and shoulders, and very slender in the waist, more so than in her youthful prime. The general expression of her face was querulous and sour—precisely such an expression as she might have been expected to wear. As Mary was shown in she looked up with a sharp impatient gesture.

"So, Miss, you have come for the amount of your bill?"

"Yes, m'm, if you please."

"Don't mention me as if I was fifty, Miss."

"No, m'm."

"Did I not forbid your saying *mary* to me—what is the amount of your bill?"

"You have it, m'm—I mean Miss."

"That is better. Ah, yes, here it is, \$17-

19. What did your mistress say about the 19 cents?"

"That she would take it off."

"Very well; here is seventeen dollars. Receipt it." Mary took a pen from an inkstand on the table and acknowledged the payment.

"Humph, you write too pretty a hand for an apprentice girl," said Miss Clayton, glancing contemptuously at Mary's beautiful chirography. "I dare say you can dance, too."

"Yes, Miss," said Mary slightly smiling.

"And sing and play," more contemptuously still.

"Yes, Miss."

"Humph. Read Byron, Moore, Scott, doubtless, and perhaps the French poets," she continued with a contemptuous smile of incredulity.

"Yes, Miss."

"Yes, Miss. I suppose if I should ask you if you read French and sung Italian, you would reply with your parrot phrase, 'yes Miss.'"

"Yes, Miss."

"Upon my word! Ha, ha, ha! here's a linen draper's apprentice for you! I suppose you look to marry some nobleman at the least, with all them accomplishments, if you can! What package is that under your arm, my pretty minx," for Miss Clayton had conceived a sudden and unaccountable (save that her youth and beauty were the cause,) dislike for Mary. And without waiting for a reply she snatched it from her.

"For Major Leslie Pierpoint, No. 27 South Sixth St."

"You are sent with this to Major Pierpoint's, are you?" she asked sharply and with a suspicious look at the young and guileless girl.

"Yes, m'm," answered Mary quietly.

Miss Clayton let her eyes rest on the superscription for a few moments, and then lifted them steadily to the face of the maiden.

"You had best return directly to your shop with the amount of your mistress's bill, lest you should lose it on the way. I will dispatch my footman with this package to his lodgings."

"I thank you, I am ordered to take it there myself," said Mary firmly.

"Indeed; but it would not be prudent for so young a person as you to go to a bachelor's room alone. I will send it for you. Do you know Major Pierpoint?"

"No, m'm," answered Mary with embarrassment.

"Have you never seen him?"

"He was in the shop last evening," answered Mary evasively.

"Did he speak to you?"

"If you please I will take the package and go," said Mary, half angry at this singular inquiry upon her affairs.

"Take it, trollop," said Miss Clayton, flinging it towards her, "and tell your mistress when she has occasion to send any one to me again, she will oblige me by sending some civil person."

Mary stared with surprise, at a loss to account for the lady's humor, and gladly took her departure.

The heavy tocsin of the State House had struck the last stroke of twelve, as Mary timidly pulled the bell at Major Pierpoint's handsome residence. It was opened by Cato.

"Massa says de young woman will please walk up and wait," said Cato, as Mary offered to leave the bundle in his hand. Mary hesitated an instant, and then, trembling, she could not tell why, she followed him to the library. The door was opened, and Cato ushered her in with one of his best bows. Leslie pretended to be very busily engaged in a book as she entered, though he had been walking his room, or watching through the blinds with ill-concealed impatience till he heard the street door bell. He permitted Cato to leave the room, and Mary to advance half way to the table, before he gave signs of her presence, he then suddenly rose up and turned round.

"Ah, Miss Lee," he said with tender respect, "you have brought the gloves."

"Yes, sir," said Mary, without lifting her eyes.

"Sit down, if you please, while I examine the package."

Mary quietly took a seat, and Major Pierpoint began to look over the parcels. But evidently his thoughts were not with this pursuit. His fingers trembled—he shockingly rent several pairs of gloves;—put six of the handkerchiefs, one after another into his pocket; blew his nose on a pair of silk hose, and at length sprung from the table in the most admirable confusion of mind in which a bachelor, at such a moment could well be. After thrice striding the room to gather courage, he approached the surprised, embarrassed, yet not *unexpecting* Mary. No woman of any sense, or feeling, or mind, could be blind at such a time. He approached and seated himself beside her.

"Miss Lee—"

Mary trembled and remained silent. The Major gazed upon her tell-tale face, and then furtively sought her hand. She withdrew it instinctively, and half rose.

"Nay, my dear Miss Lee! pardon me! I meant no injury to your delicacy. Pray be seated!" and he took her hand and gently drew her to the chair which she had left.

"I beg you listen to me one moment. I have conceived for you a deep and respectful passion. Your beauty, grace and intelligence have made an im-

pression upon my heart no time can ever efface. It is true you are young and full of life and beauty—I have passed half the allotted life of man. But the disparity is in years only. My heart is as young as your own, my feelings as buoyant, my hopes as bright. I have sought to meet you to-day to make a confession of the sentiments with which you have inspired me, to tell you how intimately my happiness is involved in your existence, to throw myself upon your generosity. You are an orphan, alas! and a cold, unfeeling world is before you! Your loveliness and helplessness claim protection. Permit me to fill that delightful position near you while life lasts. I offer you my heart, my hand, my fortune, and promise to devote my life to the promotion of your happiness."

The Major, after ending his eloquent appeal, gazed upon her downcast face several moments in silence. She made no reply! He still continued to hold her hand. Slowly he lifted it to his lips.—There was no resistance. He again sought her eyes. Tears were gently gushing from them, and rolling in sparkling globules down her lovely cheeks.

"Good God, Miss Lee, have I offended you?"

"No, sir," said Mary, lifting her eyes, the lashes dewy with tears, and sweetly smiling.

"Why these tears, then?"

"I do not know, indeed, unless it be that they flow from gratitude," she answered, looking into his face with a radiant smile, like sunshine in an April shower.

The Major's eyes filled also, and the next moment he pressed the happy girl to his heart.

Yes, Mary Lee became Major Leslie's wife through gratitude. They were married, for he well knew gratitude would grow to love, and a brief time showed that he judged rightly. One month from the day on which he confessed his passion he led to the altar his charming bride.—They were married publicly in church.

"Ah, Major, so you—don't know her—some milliner's apprentice, eh?" haughtily said a gentleman present, after the ceremony was over.

Clara Clayton, hearing that Leslie Pierpoint was to be married, went to the church, disguised in a strange bonnet and long green veil—but Leslie recognized her by her taper waist, and felt that his triumph and revenge, if such feelings really existed in his breast, were complete.

Yes, Clara Clayton witnessed the ceremony, and when she saw it and recognised the bride's face as she turned from the altar, she could scarcely suppress a shriek of mingled anger and disappointed justice. She went home and died the same year, the victim of her own selfishness.

Leslie Pierpoint and his beautiful lady are now travelling in Europe. Mary makes him an excellent wife, proving to be as good as she is beautiful.

A LARGE DRY GOODS STORE.—The N. Y. correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing on Monday, says—

"The most notable affair that has come under my observation has been the opening of Stewart's magnificent new marble dry goods establishments, on the site of the old Washington Hotel, in Broadway, 99 feet long by 100 deep. It would require much more space, to give you anything like a description of this stupendous and extravagant structure, its arrangements, materials, adornments and contents. It is by far the most enormous affair of the kind on the continent.

"The edifice has been completely run down, all day, by our citizens—four police officers being in attendance all day at the main entrance, to prevent the ingress of thieves, pickpockets, and other improper characters. Every one of the 100 clerks have been on fatigue duty all day, in attendance upon customers, and immense business has been done. Nevertheless, I think the establishment is a good many years in advance of the wants or the support of our city."

THE WIFE.—If you wish to be happy and have peace in the family, never reprove your husband in company—even if that reproof be ever so slight. If he be irritated, speak not an angry word. Indifference sometimes will produce unhappy consequences. Always feel an interest in what your husband undertakes, and if he is perplexed or discouraged, assist him by your smiles and pleasant words. If the wife is careful how she conducts and speaks and looks, a thousand happy hearths would cheer and brighten our existence where now there is nothing but clouds of gloom sorrow, and discontent. The wife, above all others, should study to please her husband and make home attractive.

CHEERFUL OLD MEN.—We love them sincerely. A gentleman of our acquaintance, upwards of four score, often calls to see us, and no one is more welcome. He is cheerful and happy, and has grown old without losing his pleasant disposition and contented and happy heart. He remembers the actors of generations past, and old events he brings fresh to our minds. Old age! when sitting beside such men, appear in a pleasant season of repose and happiness. We dread not its 'proach.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Nov. 5, 1846.

Read the following Liberal TERMS:

Single Copies \$1.25 per annum, in advance—\$1.75 if not paid in advance.

TO CLUBS we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS:—

5 Copies,	\$6 per Annum.
10 "	\$10 "
15 "	\$12 "
20 "	\$15 "

Any person procuring five responsible subscribers shall have the sixth gratis, as long as that number holds good.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

AGENTS.

The following are our duly authorized Agents. Business done with them is the same as though done at this office:—

A. Edson,	Holland.
S. B. Stebbins	Ludlow.
S. F. Pepper	Ware.
D. Russel	Dana.

Agents Wanted!

Four or five responsible Young Men are wanted to obtain subscribers for "The Sentinel." Good encouragement given.

Any responsible young man in any of the adjoining towns where our paper circulates, wishing to act as Agent in obtaining Subscribers in that town, by writing a line to us, or calling at this office, shall be well paid.

Wood! Wood!!

Wood in any quantity taken in exchange for the Sentinel, if brought soon.

THE CANDIDATES FOR CONGRESS.

The whigs of this District have nominated GEORGE ASHMUN for re-election—every voter knows the man, and it is not necessary to speak of his character and qualifications. He is distinguished as a lawyer and politician, and as Representative in the present Congress, has gained a somewhat respectable reputation among his political friends. Every whig will of course vote for him.

STEPHEN J. W. TAYLOR—is the candidate for the democratic party—he is perhaps a few years the junior of Mr Ashmun in years. He is somewhat distinguished as a literary, political and scientific writer, and a scholar of great erudition for his years and privileges,—and as a political speaker he can be said to have no superior in the District. He is a gentleman of irreproachable moral character—a just and upright citizen. He is now editor of the Northampton Democrat, a paper devoted to the interests of the democratic party. If he is supported with as much zeal as he supports the cause the whig candidate will not come out of the race more than speaking distance ahead of his competitor.

The Abolition candidate has slipped our mind at this time—we have no doubt he is an honest, able citizen, capable of representing the party insignificantly termed the party of *one idea*.

The Natives, too, have a candidate in the person of JOSIAH R. BRADY, of Westfield. Jo is a good fellow, but we fear he can't come in. We believe he is of Dutch descent; but that matters little so long as he is a native and as good looking a chap as any of the gentlemen who compose the GRAND CONGRESSIONAL QUARTETTE.

ELECTION.—The election for Governor, Congressmen and Legislature takes place in this State on Monday next. Every thing appears quiet in this quarter, hardly a word having passed on the subject in our hearing; nevertheless, the election is an important one and deserves the attention of every freeman of the State, and we trust that every voter, whatever his politics and predilections will be at the polls on the day of election—it is his privilege, yea, it is his imperative duty, not only to vote, but to vote for such men and measures as he deems most meet for the welfare of his country.

PALMER is like to go by default in the election of Monday next. No caucuses have been held—no candidates selected, no disposition to elect any. Palmer politicians of both parties are a genuine set of chaps, so perfectly impartial and regardless of the wishes of each other that they will not even run a man for Representative lest they offend their neighbors. Was ever such disinterestedness known before?

NOTICE.—A democratic friend wishes us to request any number of the party who desire to run for Representative to hand us his name, that ballots may be prepared accordingly. Whether our friend will pay for printing the votes we are not authorized to say. A whig joins in the above request to such friends of his party if they may be found, booted and spurred.

TOWN MEETING.—It will be seen by the warrant calling the Town Meeting, that it is to be held at the new Town House.—We just name this thinking some one may take a notice to attend the meeting.

OUR PARTY.—Next Monday, the freemen of this Commonwealth will be again called upon to exercise one of their most important political privileges. It is the duty of every individual to examine into the claims of every candidate, and to scan and inquire into their moral character before they give their votes. We have been somewhat remiss in speaking of the candidates of our party, and hasten this week to make amends by giving our readers a bird's eye view of the qualifications and fitness of our candidates for the suffrages of all enlightened citizens.

Our candidate for Governor is the Hon. Samuel Best Man. An objection may be raised against this gentleman, that he has never been in office, and, therefore, is unqualified for a correct discharge of its duties. To this we reply, that it will take but a short time to learn the routine of the duties of the office, and that every man, who enters upon an office, be he good or bad, must be raw and unskilled in its duties at first, but that a short tenure of the office will give him an insight into its duties. Let us see what the community will gain by the election of the gentleman, whose claims we advocate. In the first place, he will avoid and religiously eschew the intrigues, licentiousness, log-rolling and machinery of party. He will have an eye single to the good of the whole community. If any measure is proposed, that is good in itself and will result in the highest advantage of the Commonwealth, he will use his utmost endeavors to have it adopted. In fine, whatever measure is proposed, whether it be advocated by the Whig party, the Democratic party or the Abolition party, he will examine it candidly and thoroughly, and if it squares with the best interests of the State, he will give such measure his ardent support. As regards the incumbents of the various State offices, he will, if elected, pursue the following plan. If he finds any individual in office, who has become superannuated, or in any other way, unsuited or incompetent to a perfect discharge of its duties he will forthwith remove him from his post, if he can, legally.

In filling vacancies that may occur, and which the Constitution requires he should fill, he will ascertain, what individual in the community is most moral in his character, and, at the same time, possesses an enlarged and liberal understanding, and excels in knowledge the rest of his fellow citizens. When he has found out this man, and, at the same time, ascertained that he is the most capable of discharging the duties of the office of any man in the community, that man he will appoint to the office in his gift. He will make no inquiries, and will not take into consideration, whether he is a Democrat, a Whig or an Abolitionist. The only question that will be asked is comprehended in this short sentence, is he "*capable, is he honest*?"

Such is the platform of the political principles of our candidate for Governor of this Commonwealth. We do not intend to chalk out his course for him. We shall be satisfied with him, if he does all he is required to do by the Constitution and Laws, according to the best of his ability and with that strict integrity, which we know he possesses. We, therefore, leave him in the hands of the community to do with him as to them may seem meet, firmly persuaded in our own minds, that he is entitled to 50,000 majority over every other candidate.

Our candidate for Lieutenant Governor is the Hon. John No Party Man. He "follows in the footsteps" of our candidate for Governor, and stands with him upon the same platform of political principle. It is not required of us, therefore, to say any thing more of him, it being understood, that he is possessed of a like spirit with the Hon. Mr Best Man, and, in case the latter should die or resign his office, would carry out the views of the Governor with a conscientious fidelity.

For Representative to Congress, and Senators to the Legislature we cannot nominate better men than those of the same family with our candidates for Governor and Lieutenant Governor. The Hon. John Best Man and the Hon. Peter No Party Man are men of strict integrity, great knowledge of the principles, upon which our political institutions are founded, and every way worthy of the suffrages of their fellow citizens. We commend them to our citizens as every way worthy of their support. We might name others of the same families for the lower offices of representatives, selectmen, &c., but they may be easily found out by the community, if any are disposed to inquire into their moral and political qualifications. For integrity, learning, intelligence, and enlarged experience they are unexcelled by any of the candidates now before the public.

We expect our Party to be on hand early on the morning of election, and give their votes, every one of them, for the right men. Take time by the forelock.—Rather "perish in the last ditch," than surrender your dear-bought privileges. On Election day, be sure and "give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together" for right men and right principles. Let the motto of the whole party be, Right and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable."

H. A. Longley, Esq., of Belchertown, is now deputised as sheriff both in Hampshire and Hampden counties.

Below is a brief report of the case between Stearns and Ripley, which was tried at the last term of the Court of Common Pleas, at Springfield. We congratulate Mr Stearns upon the prosperous issue of his suit. He is certainly to be commended for the determination and energy, with which he has resisted the petty tyranny of a subordinate official, and, we trust, will meet with the approbation he deserves at the hands of the people of Springfield, not only for his manly opposition to a petty tyrant, but for the public spirit, which he has manifested in what he has done toward building up the town of Springfield. The following is from the *Hampden Statesman*.

Court of Common Pleas.

The suit of Charles Stearns against James W. Ripley for trespass was tried at Springfield, on the 16th ult.

As the circumstances connected with this case are somewhat extraordinary, and have attracted the attention of the public to a considerable degree, a recapitulation will be given.

Mr Stearns owned a lot of land bordering upon land of the United States near the Armory, and had held quiet and undisturbed possession of it for many years. The boundary was well understood and defined, the Government having always maintained the fence between it and Mr Stearns. Major Ripley caused an *ex parte* survey to be made some two or three years ago, giving no notice whatever to Mr Stearns, and proceeded to fence in a portion of what had always been considered a part of Mr Stearns' lot. Circumstances soon after occurred, that made it necessary to have Ripley's fence removed, and Mr Stearns went with his men and removed it from his ground.

It being immediately re-built, Mr Stearns removed it the second time—and it was directly built a third time.

Immediately Mr Stearns and his men were arrested, and carried to Boston and tried for riot, and were promptly acquitted.

The action tried at the court held last week, was brought up by Mr Stearns to establish his rights before the tribunals of the Law, and under the instructions of the court the jury rendered a verdict for Mr Stearns, and assessed the damages at \$25.

Thus it seems that after incurring an enormous expense, and in other respects suffering great inconvenience and wrong by the arbitrary acts of a military officer—the original wrong was with the officer, and Mr Stearns is confirmed in his title to his property.

It is difficult to imagine how a lawyer can justify himself from the imputation which rests upon him for giving counsel and encouragement to the defendant to commit this outrage, and it is to be regretted that this lawyer holding as he does the high station of Member of Congress, has so identified himself with the wishes and feelings of the defendant in the case above stated, as to make it impossible for him to act independently and impartially in any matter that may come before Congress in which Ripley is concerned.

The hall in McGilvray's building is nearly finished, and will be ready for use a week from next Sunday. We understand, that it is the intention to have religious services in it, until a meeting-house is built. The hall has been furnished with a desk and seats suited to the purpose, and is more commodious than the school-house, where public worship has lately been performed. The Rev. H. J. Lamb will officiate as clergyman.

The old church in New Braintree has been altered, and was dedicated on Monday of last week. The day selected for the dedication was the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. John Fiske, the present pastor of the church.

The ELECTION in New York took place on Tuesday last. They choose a Governor, Representatives to Congress, and State Legislature, and also take a vote upon the adoption of the new Constitution.

ACCIDENT.—One of the workmen on the new bridge over the Railroad, in this village, was very seriously injured last Thursday, by the falling of a rock. His leg was very much bruised.

A RAILROAD CONVENTION has lately been held at Hubbardston, to see about building a Railroad from that place to Brookfield, to intersect with the Western Railroad.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.—The passenger train from Albany east, leaves Springfield now at one o'clock, P. M., instead of three, as heretofore. The cars will, therefore, arrive here at 36 minutes past one.

Gen. James Wilson, of Keene, has been nominated by the Whigs of the 3d Congressional District of New Hampshire as their candidate for Representative to Congress.

NEW CHURCH.—A new orthodox church, in Springfield, was organised last Wednesday. Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, delivered the sermon.

MYERS, the murderer of Hoyt, has been acquitted and discharged.

On his death-bed, a distinguished h
rist requested that no one might be i
ed to his funeral, "because," sobbed o
dying man, "it is a civility I can nev
urn."

"THE TRUE AMERICAN" newspaper has been discontinued.

RESEARCH PAPER

Thorndike, Oct. 27, 1846.

D. F. DUFFY, RAY.

Tanner, Debra Anne.



POETRY.

Song of the Pumpkin.

[Written on receiving the gift of a Pumpkin Pie.]

BY A. YANKEE.

Oh! queenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where the crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit
shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and
from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and
guest,
When the grey-haired New Englander sees round
his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-worn man seeks his mother once
more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled
before,

What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin
Pie?

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recall-
ing,
When wood-lanes were purpled and brown nuts
were falling!

When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within?
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts
all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her
team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or
better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands ne'er wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than
thine!

And the prayer which my mouth is too full to ex-
press,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine
grow,

And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky,
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!
Boston Chronicle.

For The Sentinel.

Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters:
My 4, 1, 9, 15, is one of the greatest public
and private benefits a nation can
possess;
My 4, 16, 13, is one of the staple produc-
tions of New England;
My 2, 14, 6, 7, 8, is the strongest possible
indication of delight and pleasure;
My 12, 5, 3, is what we have all feared, but
has proved one of the greatest bless-
ings to man;
My 7, 5, 2, 11, is what we all desire but has
proved the greatest scourge to the
human race;
My 7, 6, 10, has proved the safety of some
but the death of many;
My whole is a distinguished personage
at the present day.
An answer is requested.

HUMOROUS.

"Why don't the people stay on this side
of the water?" exclaimed a gentleman,
last Sunday, who was observing the
crowds that were flocking to Hoboken.
"Because," replied a friend, "the hot weath-
er makes them cross."

"Why in such a hurry," said a man to
an acquaintance. "Sir, said the man, 'I
have bought a new bonnet for my wife,
and fear the fashion may change before I
get home!'"

"Caroline!" "What m-m-m?" "When
may an elephant be described as resem-
bling a dentist?" "An elephant may be
said to resemble a dentist, when he is
walking backwards." "How so?" "Be-
cause he is pulling teeth."

"I'll take your measure," as the tailor
said when he stole his neighbor's half-bushel.

What moral lesson does a weather-cock
on a church steeple continually inculcate?
"Tis *cane to a spire*."

When is a boot like an apple? When
it is taken off the tree.

"A dandy asked a barber's boy if he had
ever shaved a monkey.

"No, sir," replied the lad, but if you will
take a seat I'll try."

An Irishman in writing a letter to his
sweetheart, asking whether she would ac-
cept of his love or not, wrote thus: "If you
don't love me, please send back the letter
without breaking the seal."

DESCRIPTION OF A Moustache.—Oh,
mother, mother! said a little girl, running
into the house in great amazement, what a
funny man I saw,—the top of his head
was down on his chin, and he hadn't got
no mouth!

AGRICULTURAL.

Hints to Farmers.

The farmer's life is shunned by many
because it seems one of mindless drudgery.
It ought not to be so. If our farmers
would study and reflect more, they might
do less hard labor, and yet accomplish
more in the course of a year. Ten hours
work in summer, and eight in winter
ought, with good management, to give
any man a good living. He who works
so hard that he cannot read or reflect af-
ter the labors of the day are over, because
of fatigue, does not plan wisely. Let no
man shun work when work should be
done, delve, delve forever, is not the end
of Man's life. The farmer's evenings
should be devoted to mental acquisition
and rational enjoyment. To sip and tum-
ble into bed is a hog's fashion, and highly
injurious to health. But let the farmer
have about him the choicest works of his
own auxiliary avocations; let these form
the subject of study and conversation at
least two evenings in a week, while the
newspaper, the newest and oldest volume,
each having their allotted seasons. Two
or three dollars contributed by each fam-
ily in a neighborhood or school district,
would go a great way in the purchase of
standard books at modern prices. These
are but hints which each reader will mod-
ify as his judgment shall suggest. I plead
only for the essential thing of making
home pleasant, and its hours of relaxation
hours of instruction also.—*H. Greeley.*

Value of Cob Meal.

It has been the opinion of most farmers,
that corn cobs were of little or no value
and they have generally thrown them
aside as of no use except for manure.—
The experience of some who have former-
ly fed corn and meal, and the anticipated
scarcity of hay, have led nearly all our
corn growers to turn their cobs into food
for stock. To show something of the ex-
tent to which it has been used here, the
following will give some data to judge
from. One mill in this town has within
the last three months, ground more than
5000 bushels of cobs besides a large quan-
tity of corn in the ear. This fact, I think,
proves quite conclusively, that cob meal is
valuable as an article of food for stock.—
Indeed the opinion that is expressed by
those who have used it, is altogether in its
favor. When they get out their corn it is
not threshed entirely clean; some 3 to 15
bushels of corn are left on the cobs.—
They are kept as clean as possible till
ground into meal. Cattle, horses, sheep
and hogs eat it readily, without adding
other grain. When fed to cattle, in addi-
tion to hay, a marked difference is seen
from those fed on hay without the meal.—
Some feeders mix with it other grain,
roots, &c., with marked profit and suc-
cess. When fed with oil-cake it is found
to answer an excellent purpose, as it takes
up all oil without waste.—*Albany Cultiva-
tor.*

Woodlands.

Many farmers pursue a very erroneous
policy in reference to their woodlands.—
Instead of cutting all clean as they go, it
too commonly is the case that only the old-
er and larger trees are selected, or those
which are decayed or dead.

This method is scarcely to be pursued
without serious detriment to the growth,
as, in felling, many small trees must inevi-
tably be lacerated or destroyed outright.—
If the growth be thick, extensive openings
will be made, and besides, roads must be
cleared in order to get out the wood after
it is cut.

The most economical plan is to cut all
smooth as you proceed. The clearing
thus effected, if it be intended for a future
growth, should be immediately enclosed
and carefully protected from the intrusions
of cattle, sheep and other animals, by
which the young sprouts, which start with
great vigor and pursue their growth rap-
idly, would be broken and destroyed. In
France this is the plan universally pur-
sued, and according to some authorities,
the only one which the government, under
whose special supervision all the forests
of the kingdom are rigidly retained, al-
lows.—*Maine Farmer.*

Eggs.

The following is the simplest mode of
preserving eggs we have met with. First
a layer of plaster, then a layer of eggs—
not allowing one egg to touch another;
with the small end downward. Over the
layer of eggs put about three inches of
plaster, then cover the vessel closely.—
Eggs thus put up, have remained sweet
and pure for eleven months. They must
be put down within three days of being laid.

PROTECTING SHEEP FROM DOGS.—Put
with the sheep a few active cows with
their calves, with a few two or three year
old steers. Then set a dog on the sheep,
when the cows to save their calves will
make a terrible war upon him, the steers
joining pursuit. After a few such lessons
the cows may be removed—the steers will
do their office. Sheep pasture being too
short for four year old steers, and they
may be successfully removed, and young-
er ones added.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Good Manners for all Classes.

Good manners, and courtesy of speech,
are indispensable for the practice of all
men, of whatever rank or station, to insure
the respect and good will of others. It is
altogether a mistake to suppose that pol-
iteness and the rules of etiquette are suit-
ed to the affluent and highly born alone.
There is no reason on earth why the work-
ing man, the small shop keeper, or any of
the humbler classes should not understand
and practice all the rules which good breed-
ing enjoins as correctly and with equal
benefit, as the most accomplished gentle-
man. Let not the artisan, the mechanic,
or the small manufacturer smile at this as-
sertion. The mistaken notion above al-
luded to arises from the habit of confound-
ing etiquette with ceremony and parade,
good manners with stiff formality, and pol-
iteness with deceit and falsehood. Hav-
ing formed these ideas, the man in hum-
ble station, and conscientious withal, is
frequently heard to exclaim, "What have
I to do with etiquette? What is polite-
ness to me? I like to be free and easy;
no ceremonious fuss for me; I don't like
to say one thing and mean another. I
leave that to the gentry—to the aristocra-
cy!" And thus for the fear of being thought
polite (and by their false reason-
ing, insincere), they rush into the oppo-
site extreme, and become rough, coarse,
and offensive. But let us understand the
meaning of terms; let us consider that
good manners are, in reality, good feelings
manifested by action; that politeness is
the act of doing every thing that may give
pleasure and comfort to others, and of
avoiding all that may wound or annoy
and that etiquette is merely the rules or
laws laid down to teach us in this art—the
art of pleasing—the art of gaining the
good will of mankind—the art of securing
our own happiness by promoting the hap-
piness of others. In no situation of life is
the cultivation of good feeling and the
practice of good manners unimportant.—
And they should go together; for though,
from good feeling, a man may be disposed
to perform a kind action towards another,
a great deal depends on the manner in
which it is performed. A favor may be
conferred in a way to make it appear a
positive insult. Thus the best intentions
may be negated if not carried out in a
kind, considerate manner.

A Good Husband.

When you see a young man modest and
retiring in his manners—who cares less
about his dress than his moral character—
depend upon it, ladies, he will make an
excellent husband. If you see one that is
kind and attentive to his mother—affect-
ionate to his sisters—industrious in his
habits and economical in his business, rest
assured, you have found one of whom you
will never be ashamed. The ball room is
no place to find a husband; the fashion-
able assembly is no place; it is in the re-
tirement of home, in the place of business
—where you can study character and dis-
position; and where the best outside is
not put on for effect and display. Many a
young woman sadly misses it, who is car-
ried away by a bright look and splendid
dress. The man who makes the most po-
lite bow and is most graceful in his man-
ners, is not always the most suitable per-
son for a husband. Look at the heart stu-
dy the character, and learn the disposi-
tion.

We knew a beautiful young lady—beau-
tiful to look upon we mean—who turned
up her pretty nose at a shoemaker, and re-
fused to acknowledge a painter in the street—who finally married a dashing fop,
the son of a wealthy man. Poor girl! a
few years of misery passed away, and her
husband became reduced—and she to
maintain him actually took in washing.—
Many a shoemaker's wife and many a
painter's daughter has contributed to her
comfort during the last few years of her
life. Girls be wise and look to the heart—
the character—if you want good hus-
bands.

The Fashionable Lady.

She is fond of dancing, singing, gad-
ding, bustling, laughing, talking, and paint-
ing. Her hands are so delicate that a
fly's foot will indent them, and her moth-
er dare not trust her to make a bed or
wash a dish, for fear it will bring on the
consumption. To be sure, she can dance
all night in the gay ball-room, where there
are scores of young men to wait upon her;
she feeds her vanity, but as for bringing a
pail of water, or washing a pair of stock-
ings, it would kill her outright—at least so
she thinks, and her mother, too. At parties
of pleasure, she can go every night in the
week, and stand before the glass for hours
each day, adjusting her beautiful hair, but
as for stooping over a pan to mix up
bread, it would so affect her, that she
would be sick unto death for a full fort-
night afterwards.

Such is the fashionable lady; we meet
such often, and wonder how they dare to
venture in the streets without a doctor by
their side. Poor creatures, the worst that
we can wish them is that they will marry
the fops who gallant them, and be com-
pelled to live on their own resources at
twelve-month.—*Portland Bulletin.*

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases aris-
ing from a deranged or unhealthy condition
of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dys-
pepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, head-
ache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhoea, dysen-
tery, distention, morning sickness, pains in the side,
back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under de-
velopment of blood to the head, faintness, piles,
livid complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly
calculated for females, to remove obstructions and
restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and
also for curing the various kinds of humor which af-
fect the body externally. Their operation is mild,
but effectual, causing no griping or disagreeable
feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines,
whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal
and remove from the stomach and bowels the vari-
ous impurities which are constantly collecting
around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify,
and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the
blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of
the system, and by all means to use steadily,
and restore health and cheerfulness to the de-
spending invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters
have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the
above complaints, is, that in restoring every func-
tion to its proper order, they do not reduce the sys-
tem, so that tones are required, but may be taken
with perfect safety at any time, without particu-
lar attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stom-
ach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to
pursue his ordinary business with renewed ener-
gy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity,
addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be
promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E.
Bond, Bondville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers;
Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R.
Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross &
Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Fac-
tory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson;
Andrews, Monrocks, Brimley, LeBlonde, Warren;
H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village).—22

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store
which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling
the same with new and desirable Goods,
which will constitute the largest stock of
the kind in the county, consisting of Hard
Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I. Goods, Flour,
Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety
truly worthy the attention of all. Car-
pets, Crockery, Glass and China Ware
in first rate styles and unprecedented low
prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this
place to trade, will not have it to say that
my advertisement is larger than my stock.
Please give me a call and you shall be
well treated. All Goods not proving as
represented as to quality and price, can
be returned and the money refunded.

D. F. MCGILVRAY

Depot Store.

Boot & Shoe STORE.

JUST arrived at CHAUNCEY CONVERSE'S
Shoe Store, in Three Rivers, a little the largest
and best selected assortment of Boots and Shoes,
that can be seen up in town, among which are
Men's thick Kip and Calf Boots, Brogan and Shoes;
Boys' thick Kip and Calf Boots, Brogan and Shoes;
Also, Ladies' Gaiters and half Gaiters, Calf and Kid
Boots, Bunkies, Welts and Pumps of all kinds
and qualities. Also, children and youth's Boots
and Shoes of various kinds. Rubbers, of all kinds,
constantly on hand.

All who will favor me with a call, before pur-
chasing elsewhere, shall be satisfied that I am deter-
mined to sell as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as
the best.

N. B.—Grain, Hides and Cash taken in exchange
for Boots and Shoes.

CHAS. HITCHCOCK, Agent.

Palmer, (Three Rivers), Oct. 15, 1846. 41-3H

A GOOD

Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber wishing to change his business,
offers the farm on which he lives for sale.—
Said farm is situated in Palmer on the road leading
from the old centre to Monson, 1 1/2 miles from the
Depot, and 2 from Thorndike village; containing
100 acres of land; well watered and well divided
into woodland, pasturing, mowing and tillage land,
with a good orchard containing a great variety of
fruit; two dwelling houses, three barns with
out buildings all good order, mostly new; fences
good and of the best kind.

Terms of payment may be had to suit almost any
purchaser.
For further particulars enquire of the subscriber,
or any one who knows the place.

H. U. SHERMAN.

Palmer, Oct. 21, 1846. 41-40

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!
THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all
kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the
addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call
and learn prices and examine quality before purchas-
ing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.
N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine,
and Spruce Lumber, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. MCGILVRAY.

For further particulars enquire of the subscriber,
or any one who knows the place.

H. U. SHERMAN.

Palmer, Oct. 21, 1846. 41-40

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at
cash prices, twenty dollars per thousand for
Walnut and Oak Hoop Poles, 11 feet long,
large enough for two hoops. The poles to be de-
livered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.
D. F. MCGILVRAY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 23, 1846. 33-3m

STRAW CUTTERS.

HOVEY'S PATENT SPIRAL
STRAW CUTTERS. Also a good assortment
of WORCESTER PLOWS,

for sale at E. TENNEY'S, about one-half mile
east of Palmer Depot. 33-3.

PHILO L. SMITH,

CARRIAGE MAKER.

Light Wagons and Carriages,
OF the latest and most fashionable patterns,
made to order at the shortest notice and on
reasonable terms. Warranted of the best quality
in every respect.

Also, Painting, Trimming and Repairing of every
variety, done with neatness and dispatch.
Those who wish to purchase or order carriages,
are respectfully invited to give me a call before
purchasing elsewhere.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 13, 1846. 40

Oysters.

THE subscriber has made arrangements for a
constant supply of fresh Oysters, forwarded
daily from New Haven by railroad express, which
he will sell in quantities to suit customers at the
lowest prices.

Tavern keepers, and persons buying to sell again,
supplied with Oyster shells.
Orders from abroad will be promptly attended to,
and the Goods forwarded at short notice.

A. BLODGETT.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 15, 1846.

Spud & Tobacco.

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store,
by MCGILVRAY.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver
Complaint, Rheeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.
New York, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the De-
mocratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy
publicly to state, for the information of every body,
the wonderful effects of your TAYLOR'S BAL-
SAM OF LIVERWORT, 375 Bowery, on my-
self. About five years since, all my acquaintances
about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure
from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me
as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six
months almost incessant, preventing me from sleep-
ing more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse
night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, ex-
pectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and re-
duced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using
this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being
cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it
acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well,
and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and
cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons af-
fected with consumption by all means to use steady-
ly Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort, 375 Bowery,
and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be
seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the
Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken
with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was
bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured
entirely by one bottle of Dr. Taylor's Balsam of
Liverwort, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWSER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been
afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the
lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the
grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing
to the weakness of my constitution, which age
had materially impaired, felt that I could not much
longer hold the disease. At this time I was re-
commended to try Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liver-
wort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its ef-
ficacy can with safety say, I have been almost re-
stored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old
age would permit. All those who are afflicted with
diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially
urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy.
This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from
one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRETT.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to
send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. N. SNYDER.

N. B.—Price reduced. Large bottles, \$1.50—
small bottles, \$1.00.

Agents: D. F. McGILVRAY & Co., Palmer Depot;
George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Mon-
son. 151

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most ex-
traordinary ever used, it effectually erad-
icates worms of every sort, from children and adults.
It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strong-
est adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it—
Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and
the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—
So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every
person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the
most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a
sure test of its value and the estimation in which it
is held by families. It would be quite too expen-
sive to publish a volume of certificates that have
been given for this article, and the users of it are
requested to spread the name to all persons whom
they think may be benefited by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the
effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for Kolmstock's Vermifuge,
the one that has become known to you through the
advertisement should be used in justice to the prop-
rietary.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every
year with worms, when some other cause has been
supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man,
woman or child exists but what are sooner or later
troubled with this complaint.

Sold by CONSTOCK & ROSS, 19 Tremont Row,
Boston—also, by ABNER ALLEN, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doc-
tors told me were the itching Piles. I had applied
to several physicians, and used many medicines
without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment,
which I purchased of CONSTOCK & ROSS, No. 19
Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used
all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the
first one or two applications. Most seriously do I
urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all
others. My object entirely in making my case pub-
lic, is, hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer."

ELLEN THOMPSON, No. 4 Alston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor.

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth
while that we should add our testimony to the over-
whelming mass that has already been procured by
that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Mag-
ical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it
exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and
thorough cure of the following complaints, which
have been tested in this city, viz. burns, scalds,
tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and cold
sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation,
salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes